

The Gleamer

**MID-WINTER
NUMBER**



JANUARY 1925

THE GLEANER

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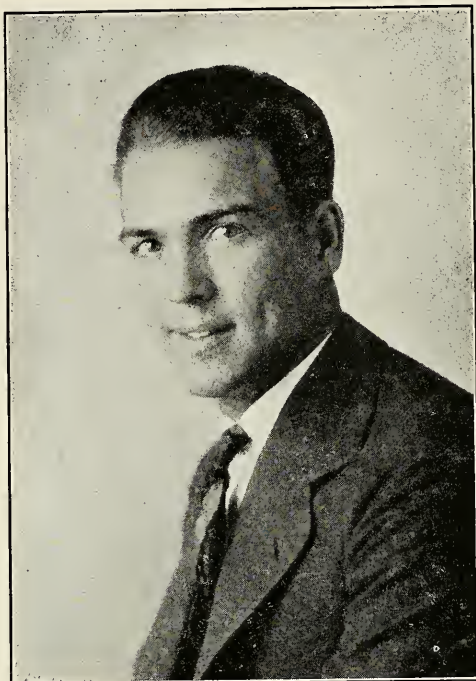
The Gleaner

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To Mr. John G. Rogers

Whose

Coaching on the Football Field has turned out a
Strong and Spirited Team,

Whose

Coaching on the Basketball Floor is giving Farm
School another Athletic Field of Endeavor,

Whose

Activity as Social Director has helped make the past
few months thoroughly enjoyable for us,

Whose

Consideration and Congeniality have made our life
here more pleasant,

and Whose

Biggest lesson to us has been "Whether You Win or
Lose, Play the Game Fair"

We

Dedicate this Issue of THE GLEANER as a token of our
Regard and Appreciation

The Staff

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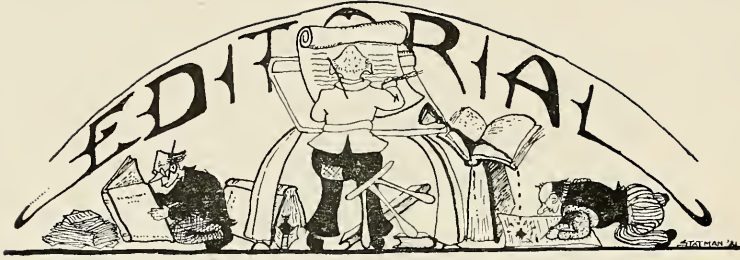
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Dear Sir:—

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.....



HERE—is but one message we can convey to the Student Body at this time of the year that would seem adequate. It is a vital message and should be brought home to everyone of us because it concerns us all very directly.

This is a time of the year when Athletics have been put on the shelf and will stay there until next Baseball Season. For that reason this is the time in which all other activities, that have been dormant, should thrive. It is rather odd then that these different social activities are not being partaken in; therefore the message.

It is true, that because of the small number of students, many societies and clubs cannot properly function; but there is absolutely no reason why a few of the best and most entertaining should not be fully active and have large memberships.

A condition such as exists is both pitiful and shameful. The only reason we can see for this lethargy is disinterest among the entire student body or else lack of capable leaders. The first cannot be entirely true, for time and again some students are heard inquiring about this or that club. The second is more probable; in fact we can see that such a condition exists because too much is being left up to the Faculty. The whole state of affairs, to the best of our judgement, is one where there is a limited number of leaders and a very small group of enthusiasts.

Again we repeat, that there is no reason for such a state of affairs. Perhaps we have judged wrongly and there is a presence of both of the above factors but who need awakening; in that case, they are the ones at whom this message is particularly directed.

It is doubtful if such a condition exists in any school but ours and there is but one way out of it. It is up to the Juniors to wake up. They will be seniors shortly and it is just as well that they assume leadership immediately. The present seniors are about to graduate and all their time is occupied in preparation. We would also advise the coming juniors to fall in and not be outdone by the coming seniors. Each one should help remedy this state of affairs.



S. COLTON '26

FOOTBALL

Fundamentals—catching and punting,
Knowing the signals, and timing the play;
Tackling low, interference, and blocking;
Hitting 'em so that they stay where they lay.

Courage—no player can be without it
Or he may as well give up the game.
It is part of football; one cannot doubt it—
That is why football has gained so in fame.

But most of all is the will of the player—
The **will** to stop them, the **will** to gain;
You cannot be champions unless you have
The will to get in there and play the game.

Nathan Brewer.

—N. F. S.—

THE ENVIED ONES

Details have just changed and the lucky boys, who were assigned to Mr. Laubner's estate on the banks

of Youngy's Lake, are advancing in proper formation down Schoenfeld Pike.

Needless to say, our Moses is at the head of this column of happy warriors in all his glory. One cannot help but compare him with his namesake of yore.

In the ranks are many notables, for instance, The Battling Ween, who is dressed very appropriately in white flannel trousers and a beautiful white sweater; by his side strides the Junior representative of the Blunderbus family, one can easily recognize him by glancing at his lower extremities, which are very much in evidence, as usual. Next in line comes a surprise. A person standing by the wayside would gaze in open-mouthed amazement at this unusual figure and exclaim, "As I live, Abraham Lincoln!!" And they would not have been far wrong. One would naturally expect to find him by the side of some influential person, and sure enough we find beside him an eminent representative of the States' capital lending a deaf ear to Lanky's argu-

ments. Of course Nate is trying to get in a few words about Harrisburg Tech, edgewise. Just behind Nate we are all pleased to see the well-known Rube—in, plodding gracefully along with a far-off (in fact a very far-off) look in his eyes. He has for a partner, the author of this story (whose identity must remain a secret for self-protection) and in whose active mind plans are already germinating for a modern version of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

—N. F. S.—

THE PUNISHED PASSION

In spite of the fact that Sam Nelson was twenty-one years old he had never been in love. Nevertheless he was always anxious to start some kind of a romance and it is this circumstance that brought him to the events which form the substance of the following story.

One evening Sam was sitting at the table in his room in the school dormitory reading a book. However, his thoughts were evidently occupied with something else, for occasionally he would turn his head from the book and pensively look at his snoozing roommate, Ed. Stern. Being two years younger than Sam, Ed did not have the dull and gloomy character of the latter, never knew any solitude, and always had numberless friends, dates and even romances, of which Sam could only dream and fancy.

This was perhaps due to the difference in their appearance. In Ed's case his appearance was very attractive and always secured him a good impression and success in company, whereas Sam could not

boast of such a personality.

Maybe there were some other reasons besides the above mentioned; somehow Sam sensed Ed's superiority over him in the affairs of life and could not help envying him.

So it happened that nice summer evening, that while watching his sleeping mate, to Sam's feeling of envy was added a sort of contempt. "Foolish fellow," he thought, "in such a wonderful night, when the world drinks its joys in that mighty cup of life (he was not without some poetic feelings) he sleeps and does not care for that world of pleasures."

The windows in the room were wide open and through them the sounds of a distant big city's life were heard. To them Sam listened with concentrated attention for awhile.

He felt as though some invisible force lured him from the room and drew him towards the city, its crowds and pleasures, with which he was so anxious to fill his cup and upon drinking them to exclaim: "The world is really wonderful!"

Again unconsciously his glance fell at his mate and then he suddenly caught a sight of a pink letter lying on the floor.

"It is from his girl, no doubt," thought Sam, and a sharp curiosity for its contents awoke within him.

The question, "What does she write to him?" now tortured his brain. Vainly he strove to repel that thought. The pink letter constantly appeared before him. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he approached Ed's bed and, picking up the letter, read:

Dear: Meet me at 8 P.M., in the park at the same spot.

Emma.

The letter was slightly trembling in his hands when he finished it.

"Oh, fool, who neglects life itself and snores so peacefully," he whispered. "Fool, who neglects these precious moments in life, which come but once. Later, perhaps he will regret the bygone years and his foolishness. Perhaps he will meet new love, but he himself will not be a youth any more, and his love will lose the precious spirit of that blossoming time in one's life."

So he thought and continued to gaze at the letter, when suddenly an idea, a brave idea, perhaps a foolish and dangerous idea gripped his brain. What would happen if he took the place of that sleeping fool, and tried to himself take the part in the "rendezvous," intended for some one else, but for which he had been so thirsty?

He glanced hurriedly at the clock which indicated ten minutes of eight. It would be done and she would not see him; and think that he was her Ed. And if ever she found him out, she might perhaps, fall in love with him. Then he would taste of that wonderful new world, when along with the low whisper of lovers, lips meet lips and a tender girlish hand, so charming in its grace, would tenderly embrace him and he as tenderly would answer.

Oh, would he ever forget those sweet moments, when only one life exists and that is life of happiness?

And then he decided. First of all, like a criminal who tries to cover

any traces of the committed crime, and to avoid the severe hand of justice—he swiftly put the letter in his pocket, so should Ed awaken, nothing could remind him of his date. Then he went up to the alarm clock and shifted its hands two hours ahead, so as to make it appear late, and left the room.

II

A small, dense park encircled the dormitory, and there Sam entered after leaving the room.

He had advanced a few paces when suddenly he stopped at the thought he forgot to think of before. "Where should he go?"

Her letter said she would be on the same spot of the last meeting. But who knew that spot?

After a few seconds of pondering and hesitation, he decided to venture going to the summer house located in the very middle of the park.

According to his judgment there was more probability of finding her there than anywhere else. So, with a throbbing heart and with a slight nervousness, he set off to the summer house.

On his way there he again thought of the foolishness and extreme boldness of his idea. The whole thing could bring nothing but a bad name for himself and a big scandal.

But he did not have a slightest desire to regret his intention. Besides his inner feelings the new curiosity for what would be the result of the whole affair prompted him to carry out his plan to the end.

With these thoughts he approached at last the summer house in where through the darkness, he

could notice some one motionlessly sitting on the bench.

"It must be she," he thought—and very carefully and timidly he was about to enter the house.

"Are you here at last, Ed?"

A very strange change had overtaken Sam at the sound of that voice. His blood at once rose to his face, the hairs, he felt, were standing up on his head; the whole world whirled before his eyes and his knees seemed to sag when he heard it.

Instead of going further in, he instantly stopped and gripped the nearest bush with the fingers of his left hand, as though it had power to withstand all the possible evil forces and to hold him outside.

He had hardly time to make another move when the woman approached him and took his hands in hers, but then a shriek full of horror and surprise escaped from her mouth and she quickly withdrew her hands, letting his drop down.

"Are . . . are you . . . Ed?—were the only words she could pronounce in her fear and confusion.

Now Sam knew who was standing in front of him. That was more than a joke. He felt himself stabbed as with a knife. His cruel Fate has been incessantly mocking him, but now it had done its worst. For was not that a blow to his self-respect and honor as he understood it to go on rendezvous with an ugly, not quite even normal daughter of the janitor, who being sickly romantic, constantly fell in love with different students?

Two minutes ago she and her miserable existence did not occupy even

a smallest place in his mind . . . and now Fate gifts him with a new surprise. . . .

It was for her sake he had played a foul game with Ed. It was for her sake he forged, even stole. . . . This thought was too terrible.

In a moment he jumped back from her and started to run, run and run. A few times he stumbled and got up again, and ran again, ashamed, wordless, surprised with the shameful result of his love.

Wild, beast-like hysterical shrieks of a woman hunted him behind. Why was she yelling, he hardly knew. Probably the whole scene of a minute before left on her a very strange and unusual effect. Putting his fingers to his ears in order not to hear her, Sam kept on running, when suddenly something happened.

A strong hand grabbed him from behind at the collar and threw him down on the ground. Surprised with the new, unexpected occurrence he in vain tried to distinguish his assailant and to free himself from the iron grip. His efforts were futile.

Now the man leaned his knee against Sam's breast and his fingers felt for the latter's throat. . . .

But here he lost his consciousness.

III

It was an early morning when Sam came to his senses and to his surprise he found himself lying in the sick room. The door opened and Ed, with an anxious look on his face, entered the room and approached Sam's bed. His eyes were gleaming with joy when he noticed that Sam was conscious.

"What is the matter, Sam—what

is the matter with you?" he asked him reproachfully.

But the latter did not answer. The events of the last night seemed to him now nothing but a terrible nightmare. He even began to doubt whether it had actually happened, when the door opened and a new man entered the room, came up close to Sam, and taking off his hat, he began to apologize. "You must forgive me, Mr. Nelson, for our unfortunate and unpleasant meeting last night. But I am sure were you in my place and in the same condition as I happened to meet you yesterday, you, no doubt would have acted the same.

Just imagine what could I think when I saw a wildly running man and heard a woman's furious shrieks behind him. The first thing I thought was that a murder or something of the kind had taken place, and that you were the escaping criminal; for no other impression could your wild appearance at that moment make. So without any hesitation I chased you, and later of course I realized my mistake.

"I am awfully sorry for it and I sincerely apologize."

His outstretched hand met that of Sam and after a few words he left the room.

Just then, with an excited and repentant look in his eyes, Sam jumped out of his bed and, embracing Ed, handed him a pink letter.

"Forgive me, Ed; forgive me my sin," he begged deplorably.

"I forgive you with all my heart," replied the other. "Although I should reassure you that I have nothing to do with that woman and

her letters. She apparently fell in love with me (it was my turn, I guess) and wrote me once a letter deploring me to meet her. Of course I neither answered her nor went to see her.

Then she wrote me another letter and it happened that you went there. But, of course," he added with a smile, "no one would call you a sinner for that," and he warmly shook Sam's hand.

T. Rubin '26.

—N. F. S.—

IF EDDY POE WENT TO FARM SCHOOL WITH APOLOGIES TO SAME

I

Hear the twenty minute bell—

The quiet bell—

What a world of gladness does its melody foretell!

As it tinkles, tinkles, tinkles,

Leisure moments come to sight!

They lay their tools down all as one

Knowing that their work is done

With a crystalline delight—

And the bell keeps time,

In a sort of runic rhyme;

To the tintinnabulation that so musically does swell

From the bell; bell, bell, bell,

Bell; bell, bell—

From the jingling of the twenty minute bell.

II

Hear the sweet five minute bell—

The dining bell—

What a world of pleasure does its harmony foretell!

Thru the balmy air to meet

The student's ear; to tell his feet

To hurry for his soup and meat

And all in tune,

Oh from out those sounding cells
 What a gush of euphony voluminously
 wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the supper! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impells

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bell; bell, bell, bell,

Bell; bell, bell—

To the chiming of the sweet five min-
 ute bell.

III

Hear the loud alarm bell—

The work bell—

What a tale of terror does its turbu-
 lence fortell!

How it startles left and right

How it screams out its afright!

To much horrified to speak,

It can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy
 of the foreman,

In a mad expostulation with the all au-
 dacious foreman

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor,

Now—now to sit or never,

With the book on the table in the room.

Oh the bell; bell, bell,

What a tale does its terror tell

Of despair!

How it clashes, clangs and roars!

What a horror it outpours,

On the bosom of the palpitating air!

N. Brewer '24

THOUGHTS OF A FALL PLOWMAN (A Sketch)

The wind blows with its icy cold
 breath. Like an invisible but mag-
 nificent messenger it whirls over
 fields and forest, and with loud,
 melancholy whistle it heralds the
 news. And the trees tremble and
 shiver in their fear, shaking their
 stately tops in deep mourning.

The horses are sad too. Gone is
 their inspiration of the spring days;
 now they walk dull and gloomy as
 though they, also, have heard the
 news. Slowly I walk behind them
 and my plow mercilessly cuts the
 bare, cold ground.

With a heavy groan the earth
 turns over on its weary face and
 lies down obediently, ready to meet
 the new trials of time. The yellow
 leaves rustle underfoot and mingle
 with the dirt.

I look at the tall, noble trees and
 I see them in their nakedness. I
 look again and I see them crying
 dry, red and yellow tears. The
 leaves flutter down to earth and in
 their great grief they kiss her ten-
 derly. But their mother is weak
 and helpless. She exposes her
 breast to snow and hail; to ice and
 frost, ready to taste again their bit-
 terness.

Again I look at the trees, and I
 see them extending their long, black
 arms to the cold, grey sky, and beg-
 ging for a miracle. There, high,
 high above, the good warm sun has
 hidden himself.

They wait for him, they long to
 see his merry, golden face once
 more; to feel anew the warm kiss
 of his golden rays, sent through the

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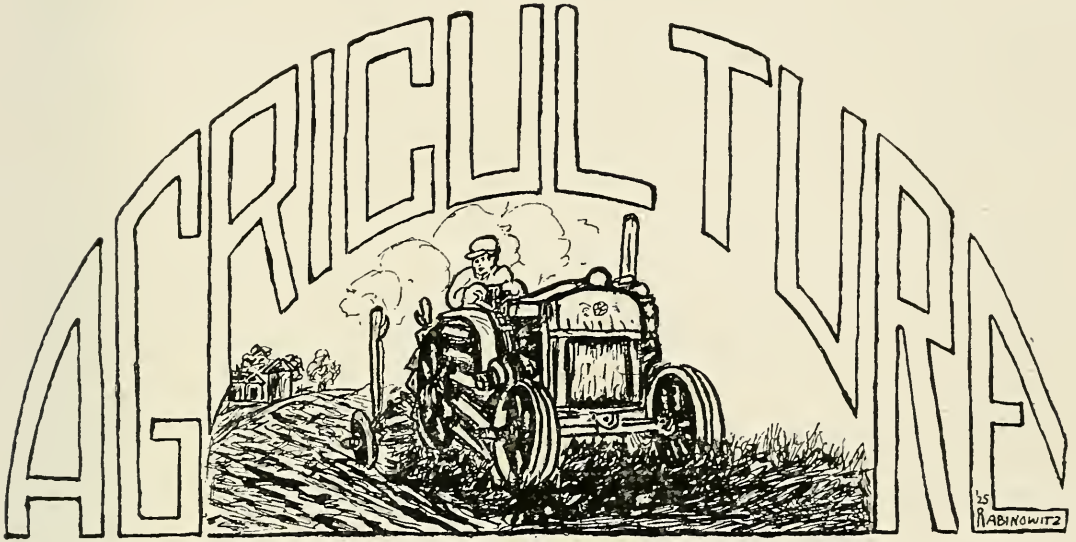
fathomless blue of a summer sky.

But, alas! The sky is grey, cold, cruel!

The furrow is finished. Slowly and sadly the horses turn into the

other. They all mourn; the earth, the trees, and the animals. And the man? The man is also melancholy. Winter is near. . . .

T. Rubin '26.



L. BLUMBERG '25

Agricultural Editor's Report

As winter is drawing near we are making desperate attempts to put as much plowed land in back of us as possible. But weather conditions are unfavorable, as we have been unlucky enough to strike a drouth season at this time.

We will not have to worry much about husking corn this year, as there is very little corn left from silage season. Outside of a ten-acre field at No. 5, there is very little other corn worth mentioning.

As for our potato crop, we have secured a yield of a hundred bushels to an acre. This, considering the very unfavorable season, is very good.

Our herd is in good condition.

The milk production at this time is 700 pounds.

At the present time the Greenhouse Department is busy cutting the last of the "Mum" crop, replacing them by snapdragons. A very good return was realized from this crop. A bumper crop of pom-poms is expected in a few weeks.

A bed of sweet peas has been started and is expected to come into bloom very soon. The carnations are showing rapid advancement and will soon be blooming. As a whole this department is continuing its good work and when the Christmas rush comes around it will be equipped to handle every order.

At the Poultry plant the hens have come out of a heavy molt and

will be in fine shape for the winter laying season.

The pullets also are in good condition and are beginning to lay heavily.

At the present five crates of eggs are being shipped weekly, and in addition to this the kitchen is being supplied. A very successful and profitable season is looked forward to this winter.

The Horticulture Department is now engaged in harvesting the late fruits and vegetables and storing them for the winter.

The apple harvest was only fair on account of the unfavorable weather in the early part of the season.

This department is also replenishing the nursery with new stock and filling out its fall orders.

—N.F.S.—

The Farmer in Politics

In any political campaign much depends whether or not the farmer is prosperous. It is not a strange thing to find politicians in one state telling a different story from that being told in another state.

It may be to the interest of one party that the farmer is prospering. And if one mentions that farmers are doing well, he is accused of sympathizing with this party.

Some men denounce the so-called "calamity howlers" as making statements that are groundless and show figures to prove that the farm conditions are constantly improving.

On the other hand there are some parties which play upon reports that the farmer is on the verge of bankruptcy and dismiss all other stories with the assertion that they

are merely screening the situation. And a poor wheat crop may add votes to one party and detract from another.

It is obvious that quite a bit of lying is being done, but it is so well done that it is difficult to tell the truth from the lies.

Leon R. Blumberg '25.

—N.F.S.—

Elfrey and Kapler Victors in Milking Contest

"Reds" Elfrey, the Tillers milking wonder, succeeded in squeezing 2.236 lbs. per minute out of P. 4 in spite of all that worthy cow could do to prevent it. "Zaz" Zabara came in second with 2.223 lbs. P. M. They received three dollars and two dollars respectively.

"Indefatigable Sammy" Kapler was the hero of the endurance contest. He scored another victory for the Harvesters by milking five cows at the rate of 2.65 lbs. per minute. Sam says he will try to find some use for the three "Simoleons."

"Snitz" Schneider, who got his practice all thru the football season pulling in fumbles, won second place for the Tillers with a speed of 2.10 lbs. per minute for the five cows. "Thanks for the two bucks," says he.

Kline, the Planters' whirlwind, made the best showing the first of the contest, but must have been drugged or spirited away by his rivals, for he failed to show up for the finals.

J. M. K. '26.

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SPORTS

M. E. COHIEN '25

N. F. S. OPENS FOOTBALL SEASON IN THE PROPER STYLE BY DEFEATING QUAKERTOWN 37—0

All were anxious; all were still; in but a few seconds the referee was to sound the call of battle that was to inaugurate our football season. We were on foreign territory, some 25 miles from home—Quakertown to be exact—and to offset the tensivity of the situation, we were at that stage where we were to show our "Coach" (who to us meant everything in sport endeavors) that we were capable of putting forth in the form of a victory all that he had instilled in us.

The whistle blew, and what a flurry followed! After the dust cleared bit

by bit we were able to distinguish our men in green jerseys from the spots on the field as they disintangled themselves from the necks and other parts of their opposition.

In but five minutes after the kickoff we broke into the scoring column. Horwitz, our half back all through last season, escorted the ball over the goal line like a real gentleman, being careful not to hurt anyone. It was not long before we doubled the score, with Alexander throwing passes and Stringer our "speed king" chasing after them

National Farm School	Line Up	Quakertown H. S.
Stringer.....	Left End	Gerhab
Elliott.....	Left Tackle	Schanley
Blumberg	Left Guard	Benner
Brewer	Center	King
Goldstein	Right Guard	Nase
Regal.....	Right Tackle.....	Souder
Pisarev	Right End	Besch
Santoria.....	Quarterback	Keller
Horwitz.....	Left Halfback.....	Moser
Alexander.....	Right Halfback	Ott
Schneider	Fullback	Pfaff

National Farm School.....12 12 6 7—37

Quakertown H. S.....0 0 0 0—0

Touchdowns—Horwitz 3, Alexander 2 Stringer 1. Points after Touchdown—Alexander 1

Substitutions—Gordon for Pisarev, Kisber for Gordon, Gordon for Santoria, Detweiler for Schenley, Santoria for Kisber, Cohien for Blumberg, Levin for Blumberg, Blumberg for Cohien, Klein for Gordon, Gottlieb for Regal, Kauffman for Besch, Pisarev for Klein.

and incidently scoring the next touchdown.

The second quarter found "Captain" Bozo doing the scoring; getting the ball across for two touchdowns, being aided by our linesmen who were always "up and at 'em!" Elliott our left tackle managed to get mixed up in most every play. Brewer, also an "old reliable," showed his "stuff" when he intercepted a pass and carried it back eight yards.

The third quarter brought Horwitz to the front once more, scoring his second touchdown. Scoring ceased until the last quarter, when, with but two

minutes to go and about 80 yards from the goal line, our men put everything they had into the game and added another touchdown to their total.

Alexander dropkicked for the extra point, succeeding after four unsuccessful attempts by one of the other members to get the pointer with placement kicks after the previous goals.

"Coach" Rogers took advantage of our lead and gave all the "subs" a chance to do their stuff, which they did well.

Fellows, what better start could be given our coach than an initial victory?

FARM SCHOOL YIELDS TO TRENTON STATE NORMAL IN LAST QUARTER LOSING 14-5

"Gee, what a game!!" was the popular sentiment of the fans, and this phrase was hardly explicit enough for the bitterly waged contest that was staged.

It was not long after the warriors were thrown into action that the spectators realized that they were in line for one of those real football treats.

Our men settled down to business, collecting 5 points in rather comparatively short time. Alexander's boot from the 20-yard line cleared the posts and accounted for 3 points, while the other two were the result of a safety.

With the two teams fighting as for blood in the two succeeding quarters our pointers look big—but the last quarter told all.

As hard and desperate as they fought, our rivals were unable to score before this, but now the stamina of our much weightier opponents began to tell. In this last ten minutes of play there was no stopping them.

After advancing well in our territory their short end runs and successive line plunges with a short pass neatly executed gave them their initial touchdown, which was followed by the extra point, putting them two points in the lead. They still had more in them and before the final quarter was up their forward passing and end runs netted them an additional touchdown and the point that followed. All this took place in spite of our frantic efforts to stop them. Our last hopes were in opening up via an arial attack, but try as we did the ball was not to be gotten in the latter part of that final quarter.

Farm School was easily the best drilled team as was obvious thru their snappy signalling and quick getaways. On the other hand, time and again signals were called and repeated by the Normal School squad. Our drilling thru keen coaching certainly accounts for our ability to stave off so sturdy a rival for three whole quarters.

Although defeated, our men were deserving of the praise tendered them by "Coach" Rogers who accepted defeat with the same stout heart he had

previously greeted victory.

Gordon, Stringer and "Captain" Alexander were the mainstays of our eleven.

National Farm School	Line Up	Trenton Normal
Kisber	Left End	Albracht
Ellott	Left Tackle	Fields
Walters	Left Guard	Morchan
Brewer	Center	Claxton
Goldstein	Right Guard	Carey
Regal	Right Tackle	Summers
Stringer	Right End	Fiese
Santoria	Quarterback	Sinnegan
Alexander	Left Halfback	Naylor
Gordon	Right Halfback	Pingatore
Schneider	Fullback	Bannegan

National Farm School.....5 0 0 0—5

Trenton Normal.....0 0 0 14—14

Touchdowns—Bannegan, Sinnegan. Field Goal Alexander. Points after Touchdowns—Sinnegan 2. Safety—Sinnegan.

Substitutions—Horwitz for Kisber, Kisber for Stringer, Cohien for Goldstein, Tilenstein for Carey, Rinbt for Naylor, Naylor for Pingatore.

Referee, Isinberg, Ursinus; Umpire, Toor; Head Linesman, Groman.

STOP! LOOK! AND LISTEN!

No, not for the train but for the wreck of the Souderton eleven, and 58—0 tells the tale.

This was the initial game on home land so surely we just had to surpass our previous week's high make of 37—0. Ninety-five points in two successive games is not a world's record, but considering that Farm School "means the world to us" our 1924 record stands.

Now to account for this bit of football. Our men just had it in their system and there had to be an outlet. Gordon, our "crack" end and halfback, started the scoring by putting the ball across with a line plunge. "Captain" Bozo followed his example but chose an end run for his touchdowns. Schnei-

der, a consistent gainer at line plunging, showed he could round the end and took the ball for a speedy 55-yard journey over the goal line, straight-arming every human obstacle in his road. This was merely the beginning. Gordon scored after intercepting a pass. Alexander scored on another end run. Horwitz, substituting for Santoria, who was too tiny and valuable to be mixed in melee, tore around the end in the genuine "Horwitz fashion" going 40 yards for a touchdown. Schneider was not to be kept out of the limelight for long. The ball was passed to him and the hole was once more around the end. We were 60 yards from the goal, but that mattered little once "Schnitz" had the ball for

he went down the field according to all rules but against the law of gravity. Many a grab and jerk was made at his under-pinning as he dashed down the field but they were all in vain. He twisted and stumbled on until he placed that precious pigskin behind the enemies' posts. There were others who added to the scoring but that little spectacle overshadowed them all.

Goldstein succeeded in three place-

ment kicks, while Stringer also aided in the extra points, accepting a pass over the goal line which sort of dumfounded our antagonists who were entirely off guard for this type of play.

Our entire line played well, all deserving of mention if there were but space.

Substitutions were plentiful as we could afford it; practically every member in uniform getting some action.

National Farm School	Line Up	Souderton H. S.
Kisber	Left End	Eshelman
Elliott.....	Left Tackle	Nyce
Cohien	Left Guard	Crouthamel
Brewer	Center	Alderfer
Goldstein	Right Guard	Landis
Regal	Right Tackle	Zeigler
Stringer	Right End	Allen
Santoria	Quarterback	Zendt
Gordon	Left Halfback	Shearer
Alexander	Right Halfback	Davis
Schneider	Fullback	Benner

National Farm School.....	20	25	0	13—58
Souderton H. S.....	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdowns—Gordon 2, Alexander 4, Schneider 2, Horwitz 1. Points after Touchdowns—Goldstein 3, Stringer 1.

Referee, Isinberg, Abington; Umpire, Toor, National Farm School; Head Linesman, Campbell, Maryland.

MOORESTOWN H. S. SURPRISES "AGGIES" HANDING OUT A
21—13 DEFEAT

The first quarter was nearing its end, both teams were at it in real football style, the visitors were having slightly the better of the tussle due to Baylor their sturdy halfback. Forty yards separated them from our goal line and they decided to cut this distance via a forward pass. The ball was snapped into the air and was headed for a pair of waiting hands, but those hands kept waiting, for our own "Captain" Bozo had sensed the play; dashed to the

scene; made a running leap; plucked the ball from the spacious atmosphere and spurted down the field some sixty yards for a touchdown. We failed to get the extra point and before the quarter was over we were just one point behind. Baylor, that dangerous number ten man, broke away for a touchdown, going thru our men in "rip tearing" style. Wallace drop-kicked for the point that gave them the lead.

There was no further scoring on either side in the two succeeding quarters. The ball traveled back and forth with our opponents gaining ground thru the better kicking and occasional spurts of Baylor. Then came the last quarter. Baylor once more took the ball and there was no stopping him. Wallace, their reliable booter, drop-kicked for the extra point that gave them a lead which seemed paramount—but—suddenly something struck our men; they seemed to awaken from a rather bad stupor, and realizing that the game was slipping from their grasp set out to make good. They cut loose with an aerial attack that is rarely seen. Our rivals were unable to set up a defense and in short order we were on their twenty yard line. Alex heaved another to "Schnitz" who was heading for the goal line. With a pretty leap "Schnitz" brought the precious oval down safely in spite of the tacklers who threw him as he snatched the ball. It was over the line and we were but one point behind after we succeeded in the placement for the single point.

The end was drawing near but we had fight in us, and nothing but victory could satisfy. Our men lined up hurriedly, set themselves to receive the kick and carry it back in short order; but here a bit of fate entered which proved disastrous. The kickoff was a mighty one, sailing over the goal line. One of our men was there awaiting the ball, but due to the excitement suffered a relapse of memory, forgot all about the rules of the game and after touching the ball, stood by, allowing a Morristowner to fall on the ball accounting for a fluke touchdown. After the extra point was added we were eight points in the rear, but still undaunted we put forth a last effort once more in the form of an aerial attack. It was in these last few minutes of battle that we showed real football ability. Bozo's passing was of the real collegiate variety. Santoria, Horwitz and Schneider pulled down almost impossible chances time and again—but—our start was too late. The whistle blew and we were doomed.

National Farm School	Line Up	Moorestown H. S.
Gordon.....	Left End	Boyer
Kline	Left Tackle	Faxon
Walters.....	Left Guard	Salmon
Davidowitz.....	Center	Potts
Goldstein	Right Guard	Coleman
Regal.....	Right Tackle	Johnson
Stringer.....	Right End.....	Wilkins
Santoria.....	Quarterback	French
Horwitz.....	Left Halfback	Hyatte (Captain)
Alexander.....	Right Halfback	Baylor
Schneider	Fullback	Wallace

National Farm School.....6 0 0 7—13

Moorestown H. S.....7 0 0 14—21

Touchdowns—Alexander, Wallace, Baylor 2, Schneider. Points after Touchdowns—Wallace 3, Goldstein.

Substitutions—Blumberg for Goldstein, Kisber for Gordon, Pisarev for Stringer.

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

N. F. S. THROWS SCARE INTO P. I. D. BUT FALLS SHORT OF VICTORY, 7—13

The deaf mutes narrowly escaped a check in their consecutive winning streak when Farm School held the lead 7—6 until the final moments of the game.

Sheppard and Evans, their "eight year" men and generally a terror to their opposition were not given a chance to be as conspicuous as they would like to have been. Gordon, our defensive hero, took a personal interest in this, spilling them time and again before they could get started.

From the very start of the game it was quite obvious to the silent athletes that their opposition was a bit out of the ordinary.

The "Aggies" kept the ball in foreign territory during the first quarter but were unable to score until the second when Captain Alex got away for a touchdown after a thirty yard run. This sort of made our ancient rivals gasp, as they were accustomed to do all the scoring, not having their goal line crossed this season in spite of their tough schedule which included the Philadelphia High School Champs.

Goldstein contributed an additional point with a neat placement kick, giving us a 7—0 advantage.

We fought with dogged determination to keep this lead but our rivals were desperate. They redoubled their efforts and waded thru our defense for a touchdown. Our aggressiveness however prevented their attempted drop-kick and we still held the edge.

We were out-playing our sturdy opponents, every one seemed aware of that, but we were unable to score again.

The fourth quarter found both teams putting forth their "all." It opened with the ball in Farm School's possession. Alexander's trusty arm was called into play hoping to gain ground thru our best mode of attack. Several short passes were whipped over the line and scooped in for 5- or 10-yard gains, but the Mount Airy "backs" were quickly forming a defense. Captain Bozo penetrated their guard with a long forward which sailed some 55 yards into the arms of Stringer our "speedy midget." There was no one within several yards of him, but some-

National Farm School	Line Up	P. I. D.
Pisarev	Left End	Seward
Elliott	Left Tackle	Marrow
Walters	Left Guard	Grinnell
Brewer	Center	Minter
Goldstein	Right Guard	Francak
Kline	Right Tackle	Havanac
Stringer	Right End	Grabowski
Santoria	Quarterback	Evans (Captain)
Alexander	Left Halfback	Sheppard
Gordon	Right Halfback	Mahon
Schneider	Fullback	Yiengst
National Farm School	0 7 0 0—7	
P. I. D.	0 0 6 7—13	

Touchdowns—Alexander, Sheppard.

how being struck with the curse of curiosity, he insisted on glancing to his rear, losing his stride and suffering a "tackling" sensation, that was quite costly to us. We attempted to revive our attack but our efforts were futile. P. I. D. gained possession of the oval with four minutes and some seventy yards between them and a touchdown. They ripped and plunged thru our heretofore impregnable line, from

their territory to ours. Their last five yards, however, required the entire four downs, Sheppard finally putting it across in spite of our frantic efforts to stop him.

The game was chuck full of action and exceptionally fast, not a substitute appearing on either side. The large crowd that witnessed the affair was kept on edge throughout.

LANCASTER JOLTS NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL 23-6

Upon our arrival at a spot called Lancaster we were heartily greeted—both by rain and snow. Our first realization was that we were almost too late to witness ourselves in action. We overcame this by doing the "dress act" in nothing, flat, and piling into our trusty "Rolls Royce" (which happened to be a buss more rusty than trusty) we sped for the gridiron, arriving barely in time to answer the "siren call."

The first quarter found us slipping about with more or less success, allowing but one touchdown. They failed in their attempt for the extra point, but it was "wished" on them as one of our men had "skidded" off side.

In the second quarter they added a few more points but we also broke into the scoring, thanks to Captain Bozo who took the ball across, after executing a neat triple pass.

Their weightier line gave the advantage in this wet weather as the "slimy" condition of the ball prevented our passing. In the next half they held us scoreless while they ran their total up to 23.

Our usual fight and pep was conspicuous through its absence and we were duly mudsoaked in return. We were also rewarded with a delightful trip homeward bound, narrowly escaping the angel's call.

N. F. S. FAILS TO CHECK WINNING STREAK OF ATLANTIC CITY HIGH SCHOOL

This yearly gridiron battle proved a duel between their punter and the unerring arm and eye of our own Captain Bozo.

Although the seashore lads outdid us in first downs, we gained as much territory as they did thru our completed passes, but strange to say, we could not get the ball across on more than one occasion.

Their forte in both offense and defense was in their powerful line, which accounted for the bulk of the scoring.

Once our aerial attack was loose they were completely dazed. Their coach sent in fresh material continually in hope of quenching the outburst. Gordon, Santor'a, Kisber, Reoal, Schneider and Horwitz all shared in receiving these passes; making catches

that brought praise from the enemy. Alexander, of course, took care of the passing, and it was his accuracy and perfect timing that was the talk of the town.

Our lone tally was a shock to the home lads as Gordon was the only visitor that ever pierced their lines for a touchdown.

National Farm School	Line Up	Atlantic City H. S.
Kisber	Left End	Blew
Elliott	Left Tackle	Scott
Walters	Left Guard	Riddle
Brewer	Center	Somers
Goldstein	Right Guard	Perry
Kline	Right Tackle	Weisenthal
Stringer	Right End	Bader
Alexander	Quarterback	Welsh
Gordon	Left Halfback	Seeley
Horwitz	Right Halfback	Camp
Schneider	Fullback	Mulligan

National Farm School.....	0	0	0	6— 6
Atlantic City H.S.....	14	7	0	6—27

Substitutions—Blumberg, Cohien, Santoria and Regal.

JUNIORS TROUNCE YEARLINGS 33—0

The Juniors entered at rather heavy odds, but this did not detract from the usual thrills and spills of the traditional battle.

Gordon, the Junior's star and captain, featured in the first real thrill with a sensational 60-yard run after a fake cross play. He followed this up shortly after with the first touchdown of the game.

Coach Goldstein's Freshmen were at their best during the second period, holding their rivals scoreless. It was here that Kline, who captained the first year men, showed his "mettle" and proved his worth. He was all over the gridiron leading his men and forming a wonderful defense. A touchdown by Gordon after an intercepted pass, was recalled as a penalty, as one of his mates had clipped from behind.

In the following quarter "Weenie" Horwitz put one across the chalk line after a bit of fine teamwork on the part of his fellow warriors.

During the final ten minutes of play the sophisticated Juniors displayed their predicted intentions. Captain Gordon upon receiving a punt on his ten-yard line swerved and dodged the general mass, then tore down the field, heedless of the men falling on all sides of him in their efforts to stop his on-rush. He was felled on the enemy's 15-yard line and fumbled as he went down. The Freshmen recovered the ball but did not hold it very long. In the skirmish that followed the ball again flew loose, this time being recovered by Borushik, the Junior's left end, who later took it over the goal line. In the next few minutes of play Coach Bozo's Juniors sprung a neat

double pass which netted them 30 yards. Horwitz who was passing for the upper classmen in fine fashion, shot a perfect spiral to "Sheik" who in turn passed it to Santoria. This was the second successful pass of its kind. Captain "Ed" followed up with another gain, pulling a pretty pass out of the air and came down with a half dozen Freshies on his neck. A line buck followed and the "pig skin" was but a foot from the goal. Santoria carried

times are worthy of mention. Every member of the rival elevens played a commendable game, which had a fine reflection on their coaching.

The rival captains were outstanding in both the defense and offense of their respective teams.

Coach Bozo's sideline remarks could not be overlooked as a feature of the inter-class contest.

Coach Rogers had an insight of his future material and a fine time was

Freshmen	Line Up	Juniors
Hardiman.....	Left End	Borushik
Katz.....	Left Tackle	Greenfield
Touchman.....	Left Guard.....	Sheer
Bachman	Center	Regal
Lev.....	Right Guard.....	Peskin
Frifield.....	Right Tackle.....	Cohen
Eckstein.....	Right End	Kleinfield
Klien (Captain)	Quarterback	Santoria
Huff	Left Halfback	Horwitz
Matlof.....	Right Halfback	Levin
Walters.....	Full Back	Gordon (Captain)
Substitutions—Freshmen: Semel, Broder, Schiff; Juniors: Hardiman, Simons, Blumberg, Kaplan.		

Referee, Toor; Umpire, Groman; Head Linesman, Stangle; Timekeeper, Rogers.

it over and then "Sheik" pulled a surprise by passing to Gordon for the extra point.

During the final moments of the game the Juniors were forced to kick out of their territory for the first time during the conflict. Gordon's punt was short, low and difficult to handle and after a Freshie had touched the bouncing oval, Regal "scooped" it up and ran some 80 yards for the last touchdown of the day. Borushik drop-kicked for the pointer as the game ended.

Jack Greenfield's kickoffs and the fine interference of Santoria and "Sheik" given the ball carriers at all

had by all, including the girls on the sidelines who wondered what it was all about and why the "Dean" didn't come out and stop the "terrible" fighting between schoolmates.

—N. F. S.—

Joe K.—"What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

Fairy—"I would buy something to eat."

—

Silver—"What's your name?"

Stranger—"Graham."

Silver—"I hope you are not one of these wise crackers."

—

The volume of mail in Farm School is growing so big that Fats can hardly ever read more than half the postal cards.

CAMPUS NEWS

MATTHEW SNYDER '26, Editor

REPORTERS

SOLIS GALOB '26

RAYMOND LEV '27

MARTIN ROSENTHAL '26

WILLIAM WOLFSON '27

THE ONE DETAIL SYSTEM

The outstanding achievement of the Senate since it was organized last year by Sam Cahan '24, is the one detail system.

When the Senate met on Monday, October 6th, it was decided to take up the problem of the lack of sufficient spare time of the students.

Accordingly the Senate met the heads of the departments and the P. G.s at Dr. Ostrolenk's house on Thursday.

Immediately the one detail plan was brought up. This plan was devised by Rev. Boswell last year to be put into effect with a student body of 140. As we only have 104, the operation of the plan was indefinitely postponed.

Dr. Ostrolenk announced that if half the student body did details in the morning and half in the afternoon, 60 students would be required at each detail. This of course, was figured on the assumption that each student milk three or four cows.

Instantly there were objections from the P. G.s. Mr. Eliot '24, said that according to his experience a Farm School student wouldn't milk more than two cows a detail. Mr. Stringer '24 said that his No. 4 squad was coming late to breakfast at present and the one detail would cut his squad in half and make him later still.

The Senators retorted that if the fellows want to, they can each easily milk four cows each.

Mr. Laubner said the students

would be losing a lot of valuable experience.

Dr. Ostrolenk disagreed with Mr. Laubner, saying that the fellows would gain in experience instead of losing, because they would be working under more practical conditions when milking four cows instead of two.

Then Dr. Ostrolenk brought us back to an important point, saying that we have 60 boys for the morning details but only 40 for the evening details, some way must be found to make up for the shortage of twenty.

The Senate proposed trying out the system on a 60-40 basis, claiming that the holiday detail squad has been under 40 more than once.

Mr. Stangel refuted the above statement, saying that the student body hasn't been under 50 at any time for many years.

The Senate then proposed that one-half the Freshmen do details twice a day for two weeks and then the other half the next two weeks in rotation.

Mr. Stangel and the P. G.s immediately objected on the grounds Freshmen are not competent to carry on details without experienced supervision.

Dr. Ostrolenk pointed out that there would be present on football nights only 10 Seniors and 50 Freshmen. Furthermore, Dr. Ostrolenk wasn't so sure we would be able to get along even if we did have the 60 men for each detail, citing the fact that the experienced post-graduates were unanimously disagreeing with the "cock-sure" attitude of the Senators.

This statement seemed to be the death knell of the one detail plan; doomed before being tried out!

There was a hurried whispered conference of the three Junior Senators immediately followed by the announcement that the Junior Class of '26 was willing to sacrifice itself by having half the Juniors do two details instead of the Freshmen as in the previous plan.

The tide was turned and the spirit of the Juniors spread like magic all over the room. The Seniors volunteered to take the Juniors' place, but this was unanimously rejected.

The proposal of the Juniors was unanimously accepted and plans were made to start the system the following Monday morning.

At 10 o'clock the meeting was adjourned with a determination and unified feeling that the new plan should be successful.

A word should be said here about the outstanding figure of the meeting; Dr. Ostrolenk was the one who pulled together the many different and divergent ideas, never being carried away by undue prejudice or enthusiasm.

The next day the Junior Class of '26 on whom the hardest part of the system would fall, unanimously decided to back up the one-detail and make it a success.

Monday morning came and every department had its entire squad in the dining room, washed and combed when the five-minute bell rang.

An event without precedent!

The "cock-sure" Senate had shown that the student body could do things when it wanted to.

The rest was easy. At the end of a week's trial Dr. Ostrolenk announced that the system was to be continued indefinitely.

M. S. '26.

—N. F. S.—

THE HALLOWEEN DANCE

The Student Council added another achievement to their ever-in-

creasing list when it put across the Annual Halloween Masked Dance in great fashion. Due to the unselfish efforts of "Buddy" Aukburg '22, we had a wonderful setting in the "gym." The dull lighting effect and decorations lent a spookiness to the affair which made the spirit of the occasion felt by everyone.

And talk about costumes! Why we had everything from sheiks, bull fighters and dancing girls to ghosts and goblins.

Prizes were awarded for the best costumes thru the kindness of Mr. Thomas Lyons, of Doylestown.

"Buddy" Aukberg, in the role of a "darky," took first prize. He sure looked and acted his part.

Second prize went to Irving Fishstein, who had a flapper make-up. "Fishie" didn't have a hard time fooling us, for the graceful way in which he carried himself made many of our young hearts beat rapidly.

Posner received honorable mention for his "cavalier" make-up. He was a Spanish gentleman from head to foot.

"Lanky" Snyder took the part of a ghost so well that he had most of our thirty fair visitors clinging to the arms of their escorts.

These are only a few of the make-ups of the many original actors who kept us laughing all evening.

Last, but not least, is the music. Our orchestra under the leadership of "Hy" Levin, furnished all the "jazz" we needed.

It may be some time before we can have another such affair, due to the cold weather, but we can rest assured that the "Student's Council" always has something up its sleeve and is not dead.

S. G. '26.

—N. F. S.—

HALLOWEEN NIGHT

In spite of all rumors to the contrary, the Senior Class decided to keep up the traditions of old Farm

School, when they took the Freshmen on the annual Halloween Pilgrimage into Doylestown.

Harry Rabinowitz '25 was the captain on the night, with Juniors as his aides. Seven o'clock the Freshmen started the march from Ulman Hall, clad in evening clothes (pajamas) and well painted. The first stop was in front of Dr. Ostrolenk's house, where a cheer was given, followed by a review of the parade by Dr. Ostrolenk.

The rest of the evening was just like every other year, lots of cheers, snake dances, leap frog, speeches and songs.

An enjoyable evening was had by all. M. S. '26.

—N. F. S.—

EXTRA! EXTRA! All About the Senior Auction

Wonderful values presented to students at miniature prices. Following is a detailed account of the interesting proceedings:

Harry—"How much am I offered for these five immaculate suits of wool lined, double-breasted, reinforced, flexible, adjustable underwear. Suitable for winter or summer. Can be worn all year round without being washed. (If they don't get too heavy.) They're worth \$2.50 apiece, gentlemen. How much am I offered?"

Feeble Voice from Rear—"Twenty-five cents."

Harry—"Sold. Abey, grab the two bits before he changes his mind."

Harry—"Now, gentlemen, gaze upon these eight dazzling pennants. Good enough to grace the walls of any college student's den. Ah! There's a speculator. What do you say, Teetsie?"

"Weisman 10c. Weisberg, 15c, 20, 30, 40, 50, 55c. Sold to poor Weisman.

Blunder—"Alright, men, some more underwear! Let's hear the bids.

Silence.

Blunder—"Say, don't any of you guys wear underwear?"

Harry—"Now we have the real things, boys, to rouse your sporting blood. I have here a pair of champion skates. It takes a champ to stand up on them. If you never broke your neck before, now's your chance. Two pillows go with them. Fifty cents takes them. Abey, grab the gelt."

Harry—"Dress shirts—English Broadcloth, guaranteed not to rust." 60c? Why, you'd have 60c worth of trouble getting one from Mr. Campbell."

Abey—"How much am I bid for these Van Huzen collars with shirts to match."

Harry—"Now we have some choice literature. It breaks my heart to part with these volumes, boys, but I need the money to pay my A. A. dues. 'Dick Merriwells,' 'Love Making,' 'Ted Strong's Justice' and other masterpieces of fiction. Sold to Holloway for his months' allowance."

Harry—"What! 5c for these four ties. Why they're worth 25c as antiques."

Harry—"Here we have another book, 'Addresses of Woodrow Wilson.' Tells you his address, so you can write to him, if you want to."

Voice from the Crowd—"Asher, get away from the table, so we can see how we're getting gyped."

Goldstein's breeches sold to three Freshmen to be used as a dog tent on a camping trip.

J. M. K. '26.

—N. F. S.—

BASKETBALL DANCE

On Saturday evening, December 6th, the Student Council of the National Farm School held its first basketball dance.

Gaily decorated in green and gold, Segal Hall once again served the purpose of a dance room. Contrary to expectations, the floor was crowded to capacity.

Ed. Gordon was noticed at the clarinet and Joe Kleinfeld playing floor walker.

The dance broke up a little early on account of the Freshman-Junior football game on Sunday. Every one had a very enjoyable time and this dance is marked down as another of the series of successful dances held by our Student Council.

Once again the student body must give thanks to the members of our orchestra for the donation of their leisure moments to practice in order that we may have music for our dances.

Keep it up, Orchestra and Council!
W. W. '27.

—N. F. S.—

THE NIGHTINGALES

The Nightingales have under the leadership of Mrs. Ostrolenk, developed into a real glee club.

Recently the Nightingales gave their first exhibition of what they are accomplishing, when they sang in the chapel, "The Pilgrims' Chorus" from Tannhauser. The singing received favorable comment from all quarters.

The Friday before Christmas vacation Dr. and Mrs. Ostrolenk entertained The Nightingales at their home.

It is understood that no new members will be taken in before February.
M. S. '26

—N. F. S.—

OUR FACULTY

About our faculty this I write,
On this cold and wintry night,
I hope that none will be offended
Because there is no harm intended.

First comes one giving vacation galore,
But on the other hand he takes still
more

From him you hear, "villainous oyster
or clam,"

I guess you fellows all know this man.

Next is a personage thin and tall,
In fact he towers over us all,
When he comes down to office hours
We have to wait about fifteen hours.

A short and stocky one have they,
He sure does work us night and day,
Very strict and stern is he
And keeps us busy as a bee.

Then comes a jolly old fellow,
From him never a bellow,
Of his sons he always talks—by cracky
His adieu is, "Are you happy?"

The smallest, thinnest of them all,
Gives notes so fast we don't get them
at all,
He threatens to kick us out of class;
If he chose to kick Goldstein he'd have
some task.

The last, but not least of whom I write,
Is the one we idolize day and night
He seems to remember he was a boy,
To our school he has brought greatest
joy.

Martin Rosenthal '26

—N. F. S.—

Because we are not witty,
Because we have few jokes,
Because we print few stories
That please you funny folks,
You sneer, and groan, and grumble
and fling us on the shelf;
Gentle reader, why don't you
Write a bit yourself?

Exchange

—N. F. S.—

LETTERS OF A FRESHMAN

By Louis Santoria '26

Dear Fodder und not Silage:

Take it from a guy who don't
know; Oi vot a time ve has had.
First de freshmen gife a penquet.

All de board members vas dere mit out de boards, und den dere vas a toast master aldough I didn't see no toast. Vell papa de first ting ve had to eat vas menu. I didn't get no menu and a whole lot of udder stuff. Dere vas a guy named Demi Tasse on de program but I didn't see him do anything at de penquet. De quartet den hurt our ear drums for avile, und den ve took our little programs und got de faculties signature, so ve could get a 8.5 at de end of de mont.

Somebody ask me vy de second game (vich vas Pending), was called off.

During de week I vas made a vaitor, oi vot a job, I got a Junior named Guke's table. Mein Gott every pody vont a late meal. So I told de chef instead of having de meals on time, have em 20 minutes later, so every pody can get a late meal. Oi maybe dose guy can't eat. Ach, dey tell me to get an extra, if I don't, I get moidered py dem, und if I get it und get caught I get und trouble mit de chef, so bode vay I vas in hot water.

Classes started papa, I made up mine mind I vas going to study. De first day, dey gife us 40 pages mit work. I vant to quit. Every class seems to be de poultry. I got an egg un English und Botany.

Oi papa, you should be there, I only do von detail now, you see I sleep in de morning und don't go to details. All I have to do in de morning is make six Juniors beds, und clean out de rooms, so see I am getting a vay mit vork. Oi, yoi, yoi, papa, dey took us de Seniors, up town in our pajamers Hallowe'en night, oi I vas freezing, ve did a snake dance around de streets, und den ve busted up a dance in de dance hall, und den ve hadt a feets ball game in de street, de cop tried to kick us off. Dey picked on me und I vas told to make a speech. Oip pa it was humiliating, mine best girl saw me in my pajamers. Next night ve had a dance, everybody vas

masked except dose dot vasn't. Papa dis is vot I get for obeying orders. I vas told by Mr. Laubner to take a dump cart und get a load of feed, he didn't say take de horse so me und mine friend pulled de cart out to de field und load up, und den it vas too heavy to pull back, so I vent for help, und right avay he says, "Mein Gott und Himel, I told you to right avay get a horse?" Oi vot a dome who is? Cherry vants to know vedder de carnations are ripe yet.

Papa, yesterday I vas brought before the senate—oi vat barbarians dey are. I couldn't look it dem un tell a lie. Dere vas a lanky guy who looked like he vas reading me, right true mine skin. I see anyvay papa vere de senate put up a good fight tree veeks ago uv von de world var, all dough I taught de var vas over.

Some Juniors looked at me with pride und pointed me out, und said de pick out of a thousand. I vunder dere matter I am four foot nine inches und veight seventy-five pounds. I vas promoted to horse cleaner und yesterday de moniter gave me a tood brush to cleand de horse's tooth. It seems like dey don't like it. I vunder vy?

Some vun said ve vas going to haf anudder game mid de Juniors, de last time ve played oi vot a score.

Some ting happened to de pipes I vas leaning against dem und I got burned, now I vunder all of de sudden ve vas getting heat ven I vas getting used to de cold. Ve freshmen certainly do appreciate de heat as it prings back old memories ven I used to haf it. Vile I vas here I vas eating from four different chefs und four different kinds of eggs, raw, rotten, stale und premature.

Papa, Papa, I vos in agony, oh my, my I hat a girl out for Sunday und de next day I vas insulted, dey told me I kissed her on de steps, I know I didn't, I am sure I kissed her on de lips, oi vot a sveet kiss. Ach, I tink I am sick, I haf en eaten for

a week, und I go to see de nurse, all she tells is I 'm love sick. How can it be, I mean sick of love, ven I luff her, oi, oi.

Gosh, de meals are fine, so fine dat ve can't see um.

De ghosts vas around weeks ago und took de door off de eating room. Ve vas talking in de English about de holy spirit. Maybe he did it. I vunder who Charlie mien poy is—somevon says he took de door. I don't blame him dough, you see its cold outside. I guess Charlie vas cold standing outside, but anyway de faculty mit de assistance of Hawkshaw found de door. Who is "Abie de Butcher"?

Say papa I vas right end on de feets ball team and so far ve haf a vinning streak, vinning two games und lost four. I vant to tell you about Lancaster vich is 120 miles away, ve started out in a lunch vagon mit de tables turned upside down about 7.30 in de morning. Ve ran so fast we ran out of gas. Von good ting ve had all de room ve wanted, dat is if ve valked. Seeing as I vas a freshman I had to pull de vistle for de driver. We got dere 3 o'clock in de rain und snow, den ve played vater bolo. But coming pack, papa, oi vot a time; twice ve pulled him out of a ditch, you see he didn't haf no lights so ve came pack in de moonlight. At every store ve stopped ve ate until mein stomach hurds. On de trip 12 players ver crippled, 13 uniforms spoiled, but it's alright ve safed two dollars in cash.

Oi it's cold around here papa, send me a pair mit goolosh, not soup, but shoes.

Papa dere vas a fire across de road. Ven de fireman came me und 3 of dem vent on de roof und argued for a half an hour who vas to be overcome by smok first. Ve had to pull de hose a mile away, by de time vater hat to come to de fire de vind blew it out. It's alright, 2 fireman froze from de vater vich soaked dem. Somepody told Grossman to

stop chewing de rag all dough I didn't see no rag in his mouth.

Oi vot friendship de haf here. Somepody said dat Abie vasn't fit to sleep mit de pigs. I says he vas. Ven I told Abie he jumps on me, vots de use.

Just now I am going around mit a guy named Viesman—maype he ain't nice. He safes me de trouble to buy a paper, cause he tells me all de news, all dough I don't know vere he gets it.

Vill close mit regards to Abie, Julie und de Levies.

Your son,

Moo Staken.

—N. F. S.—

THE INQUISITOR

By I Wonder Y

Motto:—Knock them all,
Big and Small.

I wonder Y they fired the cook who could boil water without burning it?

I wonder Y the fellows who never did any work under the old detail system don't like the new?

I wonder Y Mr. Rogers is so popular?

I wonder Y Greenfield don't look for his letters so anxiously any more?

I wonder Y Brewer says he'd like the one detail system if he were a Senior?

I wonder Y a certain Junior table needs a new waiter every week?

I wonder Y some fellows never appreciate Farm School 'till they leave her?

I wonder Y somebody doesn't get busy and try to get some heat in the gym so we can have some basketball games here this winter?

I wonder Y the fellows who aren't afraid to help a guy sometimes seem to be the happiest?

I wonder Y some of you fellows who seem so brilliant with your line of yap don't get busy and push a pen for your "Gleaner"?

M. S. '26.

A MUTT'S SOLILOQUY

Each night to bed, in a spirit of
depression
Expecting each minute to be taught
a lesson,
For the very simple reason, that I'm
a mutt,

I'm dragged out of bed, and they
paddle my butt.

Those dog-gone Juniors and the
Seniors, too.

No wonder a fellow allus feels blue.

In the dead of night I oft hear a
whistle,

And there's a deal of high do'ins
before the dismissal.

Gee, if I only should dast to smile,
They'd threaten me with the ma-
nure pile.

But shucks, what's the difference?
I've stood it so far,

And I'd hate like the devil my rec-
ord to mar.

So I'll hope and I'll pray for the
dawn of that day,

That'll come some time between
now and May.

Wm. R. Powel '27.

Charleston (after meeting Rum-
mel on the train from New York)—
"We beat Quakertown 31-0 two
weeks ago."

Rummel—"Who'd we play last
week?"

Charleston—"Oh! We were sup-
posed to play 'Pending,' but they
didn't come."

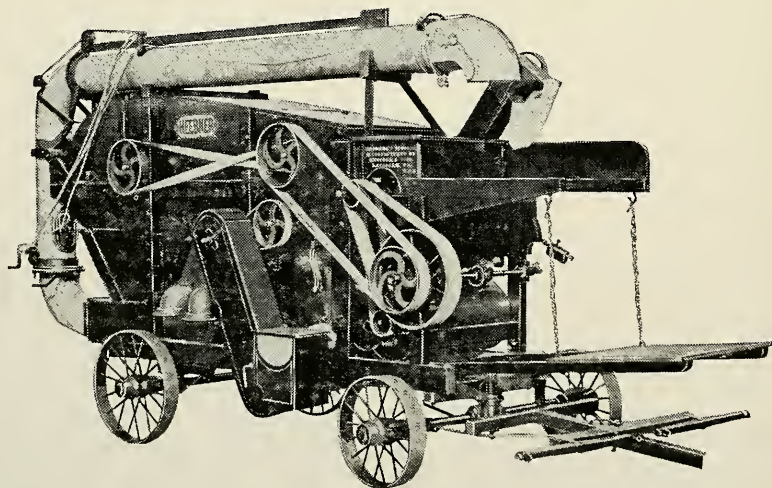
Sam Katz—"Oh, boy, I got some
dandy Asylum cake in my pack-
age."

Wolfson—"Asylum Cake—what
kind of cake is that?"

Sam Katz—"Cake with nuts."

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Rev. Boswell (in English Class)
—"And then of course Thomas of
Becket found himself dead."

Galob wants to know if the rais-
ing of a moustache comes under
Agriculture.

First—"I'm going to sue my Eng-
lish Teacher for libel."

Second—"What For?"

First—"He wrote on my theme,
'You have bad relatives and ante-
cedents.'"

Psalm From "Hy's" Bible

This antique is my chariot.
I shall not want another.
It maketh me lie down in wet places.
It destroyeth my soul.
It leadeth me into deep waters.
It taketh me into the paths of ridi-
cule.
It prepareth a breakdown for me in
the presence of mine enemies
I will fear more evil when it is with
me.
It anoineth my face with oil.
Its waters boileth over.
Surely to goodness if it follows me
all the days of my life,
I shall dwell in the House of Nuts
forever.—Exchange.

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Wiseman—"A cake eater."

I Love Me

Davidowitz—"I don't see how a fellow could be good looking and dumb at the same time. I'm not dumb."

Greenfield—"How did you make out with your exams?"

Galook—"Gee, I knocked 'em cold."

Jack—"How's that?"

Galook—"I got a zero."

Mr. B. (explaining uselessness of money under certain circumstances) —"If you were stranded on a desert, would you rather have a bag of gold or a loaf of bread?"

Teetsie—"A drink of water!"

Jack (after flunking a test)—
"Who said Ignorance is bliss?"

Rooster—"My wife has just laid an egg."

Fish—"Well, what of it? My wife has just laid 3000 and you don't hear me crowing about it."
—Exchange.

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